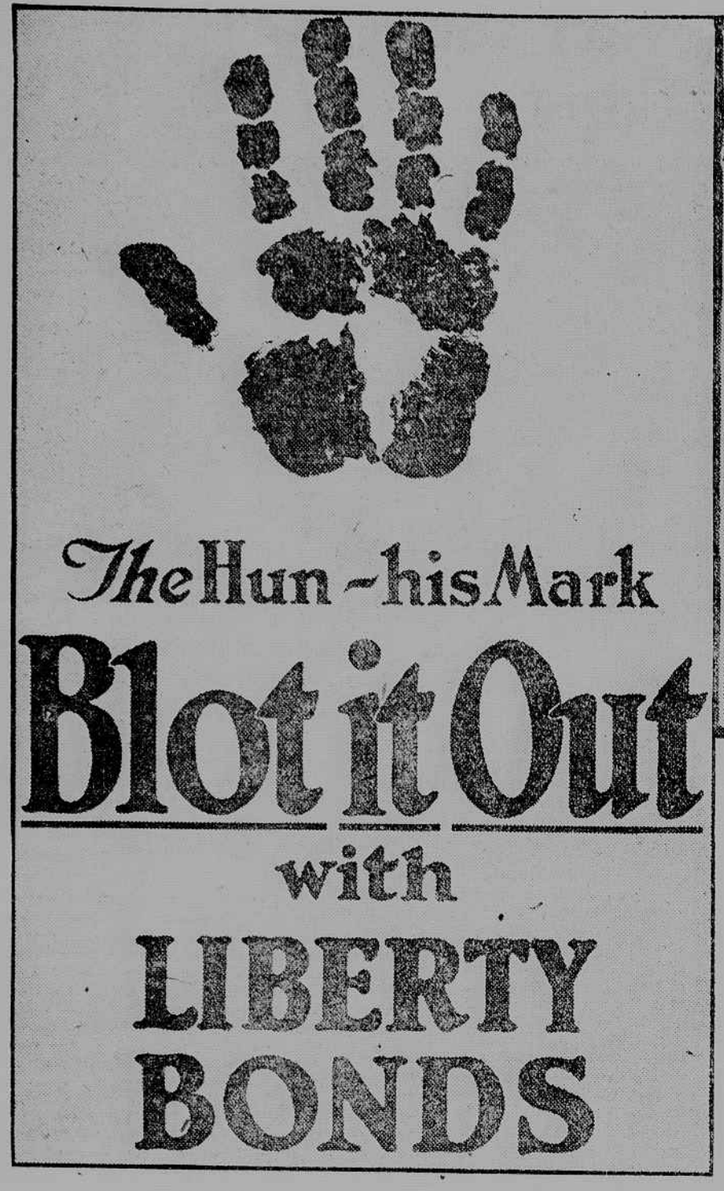
# Everywhere You Go Your Eye Encounters Invitations to Share in the Glory of the Victorious





TEN million posters and display cards designed in the spirit of "no compromise with the Hun" were prepared by the Bureau of Publicity of the Treasury Department for the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, which began yesterday. The designs are eleven in number, ten of them being pictorial in their appeals, and the eleventh, a card, carrying a representation of the Fourth Liberty Loan button and exhorting every loyal American to wear the button as a badge of honor.

All of the designs were contributed—these three by J. Allen St. John, J. Scott Williams and Walter Whitehead.


## A New Angle to the James Criticism

WHEN the conversation lapses people turn to Henry James. He is always good for an hour or two of disagreement. His style—always his style—his subjects, his psychologic realism, his dialogue, his lack of actuality—all this is the Jacobean material for conversation.

The "Little Review" has got out a Henry James number, and Ezra Pound, who went to England to live from the United States, as James did, contributes a new angle to the James criticism. It is a striking angle, because it discloses more than ever how much the novelist felt the failure of America to strike for freedom before he died. Mr. Pound writes:

"No man who has not lived on both sides of the Atlantic can well appraise Henry James; his death marks the end of a period. 'The Times' says: 'The Americans will understand his changing his nationality,' or something of that sort. The 'Americans' will understand nothing whatsoever about it. They have understood nothing about it. They do not even know what they lost. They have not stopped for eight minutes to consider the meaning of his last public act. After a year of ceaseless labor, of letter writing, of argument, of striving in every way to bring in America on the side of civilization, he died of apoplexy. On the side of civilization—civilization against barbarism; civilization, not Utopia, not a country or countries where the right always prevails in six weeks! After a lifetime spent in trying to make two continents understand each other, in trying—and only his thoughtful readers can have any conception of how he had tried—to make three nations intelligible one to another! I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James's style. The subject has been discussed enough in all conscience, along with the minor James. What I have not heard is any word of the major James, of the hater of tyranny; book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid, petty, personal, crushing oppression, the domination of modern life, not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labelled 'epos' or 'Æschylus.' The outbursts in 'The Tragic Muse,' the whole of 'The Turn of the Screw,' human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage!' The passion of it, the continual passion of it, in this man who, fools said, didn't 'feel.' I have never yet found a man of emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry.

"And the great labor, this labor of translation, of making America intelligible, of making it possible for individuals to meet across national borders! I think half the American idiom is recorded in Henry James's writing, and whole decades of American life that otherwise would have been utterly lost, wasted, rotting in the unhermetic jars of bad writing, of inaccurate writing! No English reader will ever know how good are his New York and his New England; no one who does not see his grandmother's friends in the pages of the American books. The whole great assaying and weighing, the research for the significance of nationality, French, English, American—no one seems to talk of these things.

"'An extraordinary old woman, one of the few people who are really doing anything good.' There were the cobwebs about connoisseurship, etc., but what do they matter? Some yokel writes in the village paper, as Henley had written before, 'James's stuff was not worth doing.' Henley has gone pretty completely. America has not yet realized that never in history has one of her great men abandoned his citizenship out of shame. It was the last act—the last thing left. He had worked all his life for the nation and for a year he had labored for the national honor. No other American was of sufficient importance for his change of allegiance to have constituted an international act; no other American would have been welcome in the same public manner. America passes over these things, but the thoughtful cannot pass over them."

## Here and There in the S. O. S.

THEY are still talking about the old overseas cap down in the S. O. S., talking of it as though it were a hideous nightmare, recollections of which still fill the mind with vague and unholy terrors. But sometimes they only joke about it.

"We borrowed one part of our uniform from the British," said an officer high enough up to know what he was talking about. "We borrowed another part from the French. And we borrowed still another part from ourselves. But we didn't borrow the old overseas cap. We policed it."

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These long summer twilights are all right in their way, but they raise hob with Y. M. movie shows. Taps is sounded before it is quite dark, so the movies have to be shown at the tail-end of sunset or not at all. You look at the screen for a few minutes, and if your eyesight is exceptionally good you really are able to see something stirring. A few hardier souls laugh and clap to convey the impression that they actually can follow the picture.

Darkness could be secured at the expense of ventilation, but every one wants the ventilation—even the fellows who tried to have every window in the Adrian barracks kept tight shut last winter.

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Nurses may be second lieutenants, or first lieutenants, or even brigadier generals, one and all, for anything we know to the contrary, but their lives are not for that reason all limousines and carnations. When a squad, or platoon, or company leaves one town, they all ride down to the station in Q. M. trucks—and they don't sit down, either.

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The cigarette shortage reported from various quarters of the S. O. S. is due to the diversion of large shipments to troops at the front. A certain percentage of the "tailor-mades" available is being allotted to the men of the S. O. S., but not as much as formerly. The deficiency is being made up with "the makin's."

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When, months ago, Americans first began to flock into a certain S. O. S. city, the populace wondered how long they were going to stay. They intimated, very politely, that the front was some distance further to the north and east. But now that the Yanks have come and are giving a good account of themselves, Americans enjoy no greater popularity anywhere in France. Go into a store in that city, and you can't buy anything until monsieur le patron has read you, in a perfect fervor of enthusiasm, the American communiqué.

—From *Stars and Stripes*

## Why Shakespeare Quit the Writing Game

A SHADOW, it seems, has again been cast upon the immortality of the immortal William, as the world in general will continue to call him; and a writer in "The Nation," who cites this latest case, is moved to appeal for the formation of a society for the protection of Shakespeare. He writes:

"At last, after centuries of gnawing wonder, the world knows why Shakespeare left us so slight a literary product. It appears that after dashing off the trifle of piquant juvenilia that has come down to us, he was seized with writer's cramps and quit—ceased writing and retired to Stratford in the prime of life, just when his powers were maturing to the point of something really important, something that might have redeemed the promise of his youth. One Dr. Ralph Leftwich, in the course of an address before the Urban Club of London, is reported to have exhibited facsimiles of the budding dramatist's handwriting and to have adduced eighteen pieces of evidence to show that the calamity befell about the year 1611, when Shakespeare's last play, 'The Tempest,' was being put on the stage. The newspaper report does not say what kind of evidence it was that Dr. Leftwich submitted, and we must take his word for the truth of the alleged facts.

"But in accepting his word we confess to a frankly churlish spirit. Must we embitter our souls by contemplation of the unwritten treasures which Shakespeare must have carried about with him in petto as he moved along the prosaic and rather odoriferous routine of life in the rural England of Elizabeth's day? Was it really the failure of a few muscles and some overstrained nerves that cost the world so dear? There is something inglorious, almost unbecoming, too, in a loss due to such a cause. If mankind's hopes and desires for more of Shakespeare were destined to perish, they should at least have been permitted to die under the walls of Troy. All that is left to us is to conjecture what might have happened if this poor playwright had been born a little later, or the typewriter had been invented a little earlier. To-day he might be ripening into an author of quality and quantity, not to say distinction, playing off his humdingers with hands and feet, or keeping four relays of stenographers going while the presses clanged to the golden tune of forty thousand words per month.

"We very much fear that if it is possible to obtain publicity in such an easy way as that which Dr. Leftwich offers, we shall soon be hearing some interesting facts about other literary worthies now, alas! beyond the possibility of denying what is said of their bodily or spiritual ills. We may doubtless learn before long that Dante ceased writing because the summer climate of Florence was hot and unhealthy and passport regulations unfavorable to travel; or that Homer quit because bone-dry prohibitionists set up their dismal domination over Chios' rocky isle. Job, we suspect, stopped philosophizing on account of extreme nervous debility induced by depressing company and a tepid domestic life. As for Bacon—but we forbear, lest it appear that he, too, was afflicted with writer's cramp.

"As for ourselves, we think that if the case of Shakespeare calls for anything, it is that he be left alone. The Germans have been trying during the last year to prove, with their little habit of proving the impossible, the incredible, and the indefensible, that Shakespeare was really of Teutonic stock, and the Kaiser is actually to have the plays re-edited from the point of view of Berlin in 1918. Who will be the first to form a Society for the Protection of Shakespeare, not only from the Kaiser and Dr. Leftwich, but from others who would lay ruthless hands upon his memory to prove him mortal?"

# THE BACHELOR—A French War Story

## By EDMOND JALOUX

Translated by William L. McPherson

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*Here is a story with a pleasant touch of war psychology. War wears down selfishness and creates new cravings for sympathy. It makes egoism repellent even to the confirmed egoist.*

*M. Maugrèard's case is that of many others without ties of affection, in whom the war has awakened a desire to find a broader outlet for their emotions and a larger share in the joys and sorrows of the world about them.*

*Edmond Jaloux, the author, stands high in the new galaxy of short story writers in France.*

FOR more than twenty years Christophe Maugrèard had taken his meals in the same little restaurant in the Rue Vivienne, near the Ministry of Public Recreations, in which he was a bureau chief. He was a man already growing gray, austere in appearance and with the habit of contracting his face to make people believe that he was thinking deeply about something. But that was an error. M. Maugrèard never thought about anything.

He passed for an egoist because he had never married. He had, however, in his youth loved a friend from childhood, whose name was Rose Clapellet. But Rose Clapellet had married a lieutenant of hussars. This mishap had not overwhelmed M. Maugrèard with an inappeasable and romantic sorrow. Nevertheless, since he had always dreamed of living with Mlle. Rose Clapellet and with no other woman, he had renounced all idea of marriage.

He had lived a life without either joy or sadness. He attended to current business in the Ministry of Public Recreations, which is celebrated all over France for the soporific energy which it devotes to the enterprises which it has in hand. On Sundays he went to cabarets. He didn't care much for those places, because he couldn't understand a quarter of the pleasantries and allusions which the performers dealt in. But it seemed to him that he was participating there in the luxuries and pleasures of the life of a man about town. So his existence ran along unconsciously and uneventfully.

One day the war came. It was an unexpected upset in the life of M. Maugrèard. Such an event compelled him to think. There was then something in the world—a vast community of remembrances, hopes and labors—which interested him more than his own isolated destiny. In this vast disturbance he became conscious of a new force. He followed with dread the enemy's march on Paris, which seemed to be irresistible. He wept with joy when the black eagle broke its wings on the Marne and began to retire, dragging them behind him, but still threatening the pursuers with his voracious beak. Then followed a period of agony in France, for everywhere, often after a week's painful travel, the wounded began to flow back toward the south. M. Maugrèard felt a great weight about his heart—a great void of anguish.

At the restaurant in the Rue Vivienne one day he heard at the next table a conversation which made a great impression on him. A lady of about fifty years, with white hair, who must once have been beautiful and who still showed in her faded face a certain depth of ardent feeling, was speaking very rapidly in a voice which trembled a little.

"But, anyway, he is alive. I have seen him! I have seen him! The poor child! I could scarcely recognize him. He seemed to have come out of a very hell, shrunken and all burned up with fever as he was. But he said to me with his gentle smile of other days: 'No. I assure you, I suffer very little; I am very well cared for here.' They are so good to him, those ladies. Beef juice and quinine at every meal, and little cakes!"

"Is his wound very serious?"

"I don't know exactly. But it seems not. He had a bullet in his thigh. But they had already extracted it."

Then M. Maugrèard felt more cruelly than ever his solitude. He was detached from the world. He had no children and no relatives. Everybody else suffered. He alone remained indifferent—except in thought—to the nation's sorrow. Ah! How he would have liked, at this moment to be accosted and questioned as all the others were, all the people in his quarter, to whom one said: "Well, what's the news?" and who answered: "I have just received a letter. Things are going well; things are going very well. He is full of confidence." What would he not have given—he, Christophe Maugrèard—to be able to speak thus!

After that he talked every day with his neighbor at the next table. Her name was Mme. Cornilleau. She was a cashier in a big shop. Her husband had died young, and she had worked hard to bring up the son who had been wounded and was now getting well. She spoke of him with so much pride, so much joy! And each day she read his letters to M. Maugrèard.

The son left the hospital at last and had a convalescent's furlough of some days, during which time Mme. Cornilleau didn't appear at the restaurant. And M. Maugrèard grew depressed at that, as if he had suddenly lost something out of his life.

When Pierre Cornilleau returned to the front M. Maugrèard bought a box of cigars—Romeo and Juliets, let me tell you—and sent it to him. The young man acknowledged the gift, and the old bureau chief experienced a tender feeling of consolation in rereading that hurried letter, written during a bombardment.

After a while the soldier came home on leave. He was handsome, gay and radiant, and had besides an air of wisdom—a sort of St. George. Mme. Cornilleau invited her neighbor to take breakfast with them in her little apartment. They had a roast of veal, champagne and sweetmeats. The mother gazed at her big boy with ecstasy. When they clinked glasses M. Maugrèard had tears in his eyes. It seemed to him that he had found a relative, a friend of long acquaintance, in this Pierre Cornilleau, of whose very existence he was oblivious only six months ago.

The day after the expiration of the furlough the bureau chief called on Mme. Cornilleau. Seated in a corner of the dining room, she was softly weeping.

"I came," M. Maugrèard stammered, "so that you would not feel all alone this evening. I, too, am very sad. I am so much attached to your son. It seems to me that I have been much happier since I have known him. It is curious, isn't it?"

"You are so kind, Monsieur Maugrèard!"

"I didn't used to be. I have become so."

He stopped, dropped into a deep reverie for a moment, and then said suddenly:

"Mme. Cornilleau, for some weeks past I have had something on my mind."

"What is that?"

"We are both of us alone. I have so much respect and esteem for you and so much fondness for Pierre. What do you say? Couldn't we get married? We could both write him and await his answer. We should have a bond in common in loving him. Say yes, Mme. Cornilleau. It would be a charity to me, you know."

"I, too, Monsieur Maugrèard, love you very much. And Pierre will be happy, I believe, to know that I am no longer alone."

They were silent. It became dark. Mme. Cornilleau extended her hand to M. Maugrèard. He kissed it respectfully, and looked at it resting in his own, softened by the thought that now he would have his share of affection, and, above all, in this hour of unrest and suffering, his share of intimate concern.